CARMEIJIE

"Tolerant, But Not Supine"

VOL. I. No. 15 *

CARMEL BY THE SEA, CALIFORNIA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1928

Five Cents

The Town Is Here Reviewed

Our friend, the Rev. Mr. Terwilliger, is responsible for the following matter defining the name of his institution:

This is "The Community Church," which means that no discrimination is made between Christians by reason of previous denominational connection or biblical interpretation. We all permit others the same right to think which we demand for our selves. Unity does not mean uniformity. As in musical "harmony," diverse tones blending together, without disagreement, produce a beauty which no perfect identity could ever have. So don't try to make everybody else think as you do. It is contrast which makes the beauty of the picture, or face, or of religious organization—contrast of the many in

Such is the pleasure of God, and such is the trend of the times.

Denominational competition is as out of date as the old hrose drawn buggy.

If you love and serve Jesus Christ, enter our fellowship.

How big league players, and sometimes lesser league players, attain their batting and fielding abilities was divulged yesterday by one of the leading members of the Abalone League. With proper modesty he has requested that we do not publish his name.

The secret of success, he said, lies in one simple measure. To train one-self to finding the ball either as it leaves the pitcher's hand or as it leaves a slugger's bat is to be pre-pared by the imbibing of sufficient liquor of such character that the ball, instead of appearing at its normal size, will seem to be easily the size of a basketball. To reach it with a bat or to snatch it from the air will then be a comparatively easy task.

A phone call prevented the same sportsman from continuing further in his most interesting discussion. But, we are sure, he means to convey the idea that the player must gradually diminish the apparent size of the ball by constantly decreasing the amount of such liquors absorbed. If this plan is followed conscientiously, the young player will eventually develop a batting and fielding average higher than that of any of the leading professionals.

Thus, by the grace of the Carmelite, baseball and religion commingle.

OCEAN HOME COVE



RUM-RUNNERS HAVE LANDED HERE

Ocean Home Cove, three miles south of Carmel-by-the-Sea, is a romantic and beautiful spot indeed. Just above it, nestling in a friendly pocket at one side of Wild Cat Canyon, lies "Ocean Home," where Harry Leon Wilson wrote "Ruggles of Red Gap," "Merton of the Movies," and many another best-seller.

There is no connection intended between rum-running and America's popular writer of tales.

THE TEST By Grace Wallace

So you'd test love by setting it to homely task
And drab dull way
To learn if it be durable enough

To want to stay. . .

It bounding back!

Now I should gaily toss it out across the world And travel-track; And I should smile to see it go—I'd chance

"Different"—The Nursery School

By Ella Winter (Mrs. Lincoln Steffens)

Our Peninsula bids fair to stand out for more possessions than scenery, wild flowers, trees and artists. It is making strides in seven-league boots.

What the Public School is doing and is going to do has been written of: but almost unknown heretofore is the work of the Cass St. Nursery School, started by Mrs. Julia Breinig at Monterey last September.

No community that prides itself on being progressive can afford to be without its nursery school. Yet "Why a Nursery School?" is a common question, even more common in England, which started them, than in America which has adopted them in many communities. The American woman is so much more in public life than the Englishwoman, and so she has felt more intensely the need for a place to put her small child, in which he can be free from harm and yet live and learn and develop, and not merely exist and get into mischief.

In a nursery school a child's ceaseless activity is directed into creative channels; instead of spilling the ink, or rubbing mother's cold cream all over the face of mother's clock, or climbing trees and gates from which falls may be dangerous, he paints with real paint, on life-size easels, climbs gymnastic ap-paratus which is safe yet brings all his muscles into play, weaves on real weaving looms, hammers man-size nails into honest wood. In a nursery school a child learns, under supervision, to use all the tools which the ordinary busy mother has to forbid him to touch:-hammer, saw, scissors, knives.

A nursery school is a child's world: everything in it is his size, everything in it is his to touch, finger, play with, operate on, learn to use; in a nursery school a child may learn to function as a human being. The chairs and tables are his; the pictures on the walls; the stage, the gramophone records. If we think of how few homes—even nurseries — have low seats and tables, low windows, and basins, child-size carpentering and gardening tools, we shall realize how ill-suited the ordinary home is even to the ordinary child Usually his clothes, and maybe a chair and a fork, are all the equip-

(Continued on page two)

DEMOCRACY MUST PREVAIL By Grace Roberta Wasson

The following written especially for the Carmelite after the Steffens debate, has time after time been "crowded out" rather than cut. Better late than never.—THE EDITOR.

Mulling over the interesting debate at last Thursday's Forum, I realize the handicap under which Lincoln Steffens and his wife worked. They argued against time, and in so doing, it would seem that true democracy was given a black eye. As a lover of democracy I should like to draw a parallel. Or more properly a triangle with a monarchy, a democracy and the Marxian form of government as the three opposing points of the angle.

The old Roman form of government made the ruler supreme and he extended privileges to a favored few. The laws were for those favored classes, not for the people as a whole. These favored ones were in the minority, so the only way they could maintain such a form of government was by keeping the masses in serfdom and ignorance. Caesar, by becoming permanent dictator, converted his post into an engine of tyranny, and so rendered the very name "dictator" odious.

The Marxian form of government was to do away with the privileged classes and make all share alike. This meant that all inspiration was thwarted: the lazy shared the labors and fruits of the workers. This was the opposite of the Monarchical government. And as I understand it, is opposed to the capitalist. Now capital is not money. It is intelligence rightly used. It is opportunity taken advantage of and multiplied. It is the wise and intelligent activity or distribution of resources. For instance, the manufacture of tools and machinery where the raw materials are found, then the moving of tools and machinery to the locality where they are most needed. Then in turn, the use of those implements in converting the output of certain localities into transportable form, or usable form. For example the capitalist sends his money to Amazonian territory, so that rubber may be transported to the locality where rubber is needed, etc.

The United States Government, which is democratic, and is founded on a plan in between the old Roman form and the Marxian form, makes the above scheme possible. But before I go on with this, may I state what I am certain our democratic form is founded upon?

All previous forms of government have been for the privileged classes, and the laws have taken the attitude that man was ignorant, malicious and unworthy of just and intelligent treatment. Those who cast our Constitution took a diametrically opposite stand. They formulated a system of equality of opportunity, equality of competition, equality of protection. A government of the people, by the people and for the people. Jesus had previously stated this ideal form of government when he said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart "BOBBY" DURHAM SAYS-





"DON'T FORGET THE DOG SHOW AND WHIPPET RACES NEXT SATURDAY AND SUNDAY."

RESTS ON ITS LAURELS

The year's activities of the Carmel Woman's Club ended with its recent Garden Party, and will not be resumed until the fall.

and thy neighbor as thyself." The Jews before him, had conceived and applied this to their own nation, but had not the vision to extend it to the gentiles or the Samaritans, And because Jesus insisted upon its universal application, they crucified him. "Love thy neighbor as thy-self," simply means, extend the same right to your neighbor as you want extended to yourself. It does not mean that the fruition of an energetic man shall be shared with his less energetic neighbor. Jesus, the greatest and wisest advocate of ideal government, also said: "unto him that hath, shall be given but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath." Such a system demands competition, but equality of competition, and competition is the life of trade. It takes three forms: 1st, force such as exists among animals; 2nd, trickery and cheating; 3rd, honorable dealing; cooperative and amicable exchange.

Now the Constitution demands free trade between the states and also provides protection for authors and inventors and encourages the progress of Science and the arts. Our laws are formulated with the idea of benefiting all alike, contrary to the Marxian theory, contrary to monarchical rule. In other words, our government is founded on true democratic principles, the very form of government that Jesus

advocated. The evil element (which we have with us always) works unceasingly to overthrow democracy one way or another, but it shall never succeed. There is biblical authority for this statement for Jesus himself said: "Take heed that ye be not deceived . . . when ye shall hear of wars and commotions, be not terrified: for these things must first come to pass. Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famine and pestilences. . And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.

Democracy is the nearest approach to what Jesus advocated and it is going on to a fuller expression. No dictator shall ever succeed in an age far too enlightened to permit of its overthrow. In times of exigency and peril some general-in-chief will of necessity act as vox populi. But when the crisis is past, the balance of power shall be restored just as it was following the World War. Woodrow Wilson seemed to be an absolute dictator for the time being, but eventually the pendulum swung into place and a normal, stable equilibrium was established, such as our very democratic Constitution demands. It will ever be so and "the will of a dictator, nor the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

CARMELITE Calendar

MAY

- 25-27 Tennis Del Monte Tennis Championships, Del Monte Courts.
- 26-27 Dog Show—Annual Del Monte Bench Show.
- 26-27 Whippet Races Del Monte Polo Field.
- 26 Community Dance Sunset School auditorium, 9 to 12 p. m.
- 27 Divine Services All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Carmel Mission, Christian Sciience, all at 11:00 a. m.
- 27 Baseball—Three Abalone League games in Carmel Woods, 1:00, 2:15, 3:30 p. m.
- 27 Golf—Blind Bogey Sweepstakes, Del Monte Course.
- 30 Trapshoot Del Monte Gun Club.
- 30 Golf— Annual Decoration Day Flag Tournament, Del Monte Course.
- June "The Emperor Jones," "The Dreamy Kid," 8:30 p. m.
- 1-2 Dreamy Kid, 8:30 p. m. 31 Carmel Playhouse—"Peg O' My
- 1-2 Heart," 8:30 p. m.

A NURSERY SCHOOL

ment provided for a child in its home.

But it is not only that: in a nursery school the child is "in the majority:" there is one grown up to ten children, instead of three or four grown ups all with lynx eyes directed to one small child's misdeeds; the child is in the environment natural to him, and so his companionships, friendships, relations to children and adults, work and play, develop naturally. They are not forced into a mould designed by an adult.

Mrs. Breinig started nine months ago with five children: she has now nineteen. From Monterey, Carmel, Pebble Beach and the Highlands they trot in in the mornings, and their chief regret is that there is no school, week-ends. The swiftness of the school's growth is a tribute to the genius and sympathy of the Head and her co-workers.

Peep in on her work some morning. In one small room is enough imagination to solve the problems of crime, poverty or war, if grown ups had it. In another small room a boat on the ocean, a choo-choo full of people, houses in construction, a fire engine, an Indian, a cowboy, Santa Claus and Sambo, stars and suns, Mr. McGregor and Pigling Bland. ("Mama" remonstrated one small pupil on hearing this paragraph read to his papa, "mama, why don't you put in Peter Wabbit and the Rake after Mr. 'Regor?")

Mrs. Breinig has escaped the one great danger of the nursery school (as of any other organization); she has not sought to make of her pupils only a homogeneous, producing, machine-group. They dance, and sing together, have an orchestra and build and act plays in common, but they are nineteen individuals developing in nineteen different ways, each his own gifts and his own personality.

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JUST KIDDING

The Semi-Serious Musings of "S. A. R."

EMORIAL DAY approaches, and memories militant crowd in on us. We have in mind Troop "K" of the First Cavalry, on its way from Camp Sheridan, Wyoming, to Fort Custer, Montana. We were in a Crow Indian teepee at Willow Creek, our ankle sprained, our youthful ardor for adventure dampened but not extinguished. To our ears came the sweet sound of white man's bugle sounding first the halt and then the dismount. Quickly an Indian lad sped to the evening camp of the troopers, and in response to our penciled message a corporal and two men came and bore us the intervening distance. Fed, warmed, and looked after, we were told it would be impracticable for us to ride with them to the fort at the juncture of the Big and Little Horn. But there was a tame bear in a rude cage on wheels—mascot bear of the troop. On it, when morning came, we perched, blankets beneath us, a club in our hand with which to chide the paws of the bear as he thrust them through the bars of the cage and occasionally interfered with the revolving wheels.

IT WAS a long painful day for bear and youth, but as the sun sank behind the buttes to the westward, we drew into Fort Custer. We were bathed in the Little Big Horn. Our clothing was burned for reasons which may not be set forth. We were given stout underclothes, a pair of light-blue cavalry breeches, a dark-blue jacket with brass buttons. In this strange manner we rode to our first uniform.

MANY OTHER uniforms have we worn since that day, for Adventure called loudly. The Armies are perhaps the easiest way. Thus in the fulness of time we pipe-clayed our jacket in Wellington Barracks of London Town, and in bearskin and scarlet tunic did guard over Queen Victoria outside Covent Garden on Royal Opera nights.

THUS WE sabred and lanced in Canterbury Town with the Fifth Royal Irish, and later foregathered at Aldershot with the "Death and Glory Boys" of the Seventeenth, the "Cherry Pickers" of the Ninth. Gibraltar and Morocco called to us, and in white helmet we scampered over Neutral Ground and later rode to Fez on Mission escort.

A N INTERVAL. Comes Arizona and the uniform of the Seventh Cavalry. We chase Apaches for a year. We seldom know a bed. Blinding, poisonous alkali-dust; sweating bays and mules; ambuscades where bullets whine. Another interval. The "Maine" is blown up. In uniform of the Third Cavalry we play 'round San Juan Hill, and later in Santiago Town we drink rum and lime-juice at Cafe Venus. And so home on the "Miami."

HAVE WE done with uniforms? Almost. In 1916 we cross and don our last with the French. We pilot an ambulance. We see THINGS which may not be described. We see the tir-de-barrage sweeping like hose-stream, across No-Man's Land, shock-troops following to mop-up with grenade and bayonet. Loads for our ambulance—loads for numbered graves. Material for Memorial Day!

TET US turn to the books.

A Little Bundle of Books

"Shipmates," by Felix Riesenberg. This volume consists of essays on men and moods of the sea — a collection of intimate character portraits of men with whom the author has sailed on many ships and voyages. The sequence of studies blends into a fascinating panorama of living characters. The essays have the feeling of the sea in them; they also have something of its romance. Mr. Riesenberg is an engineer of repute, a former captain of the schoolship "Newport," also a successful novelist. His last book was the well-known story of New York, "East Side, West Side."

LIXXIL

"The Development of English Biography," by Harold Nicolson. The distinguished biographer of Verlaine, Tennyson, Swinburne, and Byron, dates the origin of English biography at A. D. 500 and traces its evolution thenceforward to and through the seventeenth century, and on from Walton to Johnson, and after an examination of the "Boswell formula" passes through the nineteenth century down to Strachey's "Queen Victoria" and Charteris's "Life of Sargent." Pure biography, the author holds, must combine truth, individuality, and art.

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CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA Founded February 15, 1928

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STEPHEN REYNOLDS **JEANETTE H. REYNOLDS** **EDITOR**

BUSINESS MANAGER

OUR POINT OF VIEW

SHALL WE STANDARDIZE THE CHILDREN

America has developed industry to high efficiency, by a method called the standardization of parts." Do we desire such a standardization of human beings also?

If we do, the proposed County Unit Plan of educational administration, which would centralize Boards of Education in a county unit, removing local boards from existence, should be enthusiastically endorsed.

But if we wish our children to develop as individuals, rather than as standard parts, we should either oppose this legislation intensely, or at least modify it.

For individual communities, wherever they are developed enough to be alive to education, have a character, an emphasis on certain ideas, which they would naturally develop. A standard pattern of education, administered from a distance, would tend to produce an American type that were all

The County Unit Plan is in use in a number of relatively backward states. Tennessee, for instance, which has ruled evolution, and therewith science, out of its school system. It also presents, by inventing high salaried positions for County Superintendents, (to be appointed!) with authority to expend vast sums of money, strong temptations to misuse and mis-spend.

Carmel would suffer the loss of its energetic and excellent School Board, whose plans for schools of the very highest type would be inextricably tangled in the red tape of the machine. The Carmel Schools would become flattened as though by a caterpillar tractor.

All of this was discussed at an informal meeting last week called at the Joseph Schoeningers'. It was decided to make a further completer study of the issues involved—for the purpose either of opposing such proposed legislation actively throughout the state, or of modifying it. P. T. A. and other women's organizations should make a study of the question, and develop a program concerning it, either one way or the other. The law will come up for referendum before the people in about a year.

AFTER THE PLAY

In the foyer of the Golden Bough were hung photographs from the Carmel studio of Roger Sturtevant. These show startlingly how the response of the modern artist is made to all, rather than merely to the pretty, parts of life: Sturtevant, stamping light on to a gelatin surface, has caught the final blank moment of Oswald in "Ghosts," when the spirit of man had left the living body, and only a pulsing breathing mechanism remains behind. He has taken too for subjects, machinery, the test tube and the measuring glass of the chemical laboratory, composing them into form.

It is good, in these frequent exhibits at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, to see the difficult works of the moderns. By the constant impact of these communications, we enter slowly into the meanings of the new world, whose gateways the arts open for us.

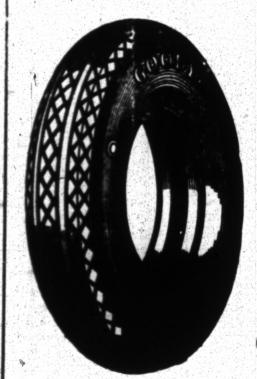
PURELY PERSONAL

Dane Rudhyar was the distinguished guest at a supper party of a dozen or more people last Sunday evening at the Henry F. Dickinsons, on the Point, and was informally entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Steffens on Friday evening.

Mrs. Helen Deusner returned to Carmel this week from a visit of several weeks in Pasadena, where she formerly lived. Her report of the play, "Lazarus Laughed," as of all who have seen it, is of a very remarkable and magnificent work of art. Mr. Clay Otto returned with Mrs. Deusner, having driven the car down and back.

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STAGE AND SCREEN

"SATURDAY'S CHILDREN" WELL DONE

Saturday's Children," the second production by the Abalone League Theatre, was a three-fold success. Cleverly written, it is an appealing human play. It was acted with skill, sympathy, and the sort of charm which makes homely human beings lovable. And it provided good audience enjoyment.

The play was well cast; and achieved the convincing simplicity with which we are all familiar under the direction of George Ball. A freedom from "staginess"-no straining after effects. The director had the courage to let the play move at the slow and undramatic tempo which life, and people, drifting in their blind way, have. It is here that dramatic subtlety begins.

Mary Marble delightfully led the play as "Bobby," the young wife of the mechanic, for both of whom the first beauty of love has been tarnished by the humdrum dailiness of household responsibilities - dishwashing, grocers' bills, and anxiety about ends that scarcely meet. Both Miss Marble and Jack Mulgardt, as Rims, took their parts with the ardent wistfulness of young people a little bewildered by the sudden onslaught of life's prob-

Even the dreadful "in-laws" won, with their awkward but very human unloveliness, the affection of the audience, for they were as typical as Andy and Min Gump. George Ball, as the father, was slowly ponderous, yet full of undemonstrative tenderness. And Marion Todd, the landlady, used strident voice tones with admirable skill. She is rapidly becoming an accomplished character-actress.

THE BERKELEY PLAYERS GUESTS IN CARMEL

"Lombardi Limited," which the Berkeley Players brought to us at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, is a gay comedy full of world-play, laughter, and the suavity of the fashionable New York clothing salon. A good subject for a decorative play setting.

The play is of course sheer nonsense, set off by pretty models, gold-

digging chorus-girls, and the laughter of good fellows.

Paolo Romero, who took the leading part, carried the play with the charm of his gayety, his delicious accent, and a certain European bodily grace. The pretty girls were standardized types, who made a good pattern against which to set the richer personality of Norah, played by Miriam Toles. The part of Max, another typical New Yorker, was cleverly done by Harry Giles. Emma Clark's Mollie made a strong figure. Miss Clark took a part written almost as caricature, and made it convincingly alive.

Behind the critic, in the audience, sat two pretty young things who would have delighted the players. Every time a beautiful model, or another stunning chorus-girl, was enfolded in the arms of her manly suitor, these gave twin gasps of joy.

It was audibly evident that "Lombardi Limited" was altogether a knock-

out and a thriller!

"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH" AT GOLDEN BOUGH

Rex Ingram proved what he could do in "The Four Horsemen" and "Mare Nostrum" and now in "The Garden of Allah" he has doubly proved his artistry. The film, a picturization of Robert Hichen's novel, is distinctive first because it was actually filmed-not in a studio-but in the very Desert of Sahara itself. The directors, with Alice Terry and Ivan Petrovich, and a splendid company, went to Algeria and there spent time and a fortune without stint to get the right effects. For weeks the company waited for the sandstorm that forms one of the spectacular climaxes, and thousands of Arab tribesmen, dancers, horsemen, and beggars were used in the production. The film is significant further fo rthe power of the storythe story of a monk, sworn to celibacy, trying to free himself from the vows that he may justify his love for a woman—the power of the church pitted against the power of love. All fought out in the great desert spaces, the story reaching its climax when the forces of nature and the turmoil in the minds of the lovers fuse into one devasting whole. "The Garden of Allah" will show at the Theatre of the Golden Bough this Friday and Saturday nights. With it will be shown a foreign film of African game, actually filmed in Africa.

A POWERFUL STAR—A STRIKING PICTURE

George Bancroft's first starring vehicle for Paramount is a powerful drama built about the oil fields, entitled, "The Showdown" which comes to the Manzanita Theatre for a two day run beginning Sunday, May 27.

The play has been adapted from the stage play, "Wildcat" by Houston Barnach which enjoyed a long run in the cities.

"The Showdown" will present the smiling "Bull" Weed of "Underworld" as a happy-go-lucky wild-catter, a man with an uncarny sense in

Ethel Doherty is preparing the screen adaption, with the aid of Barnach. They are combining their knowledge of the stage and screen in the making of a dramatic photoplay.

Friday, May 25

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Saturday, May 26

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Sunday-Monday, May 27-28

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THREATENS OUR IDOLS

Lincoln Steffens knows a thing or two. Speaking last week before the California League of Women Voters in annual conference at Asilomar, he was frank about it.

He knows, for instance, that our American life is so arranged that big business must necessarily own legislatures; city, state, and federal administrations, and government in general. He knows that this is logical and necessary under the existing system.

We might as well face the facts, and stop calling villains those who merely obey the logic of circumstances and a system. A recognition of the facts is the first step toward a better re-arrangement of the future.

In a government controlled by "the machine," the vote acquires a different (if any!) significance. Lincoln Steffens is constructively iconoclastic concerning this.

Yet to some who heard him, hundred per centers, there must have been something almost improper about learning such facts. Unpatriotic to allow oneself to believe them. Certainly the loyal American and taxpayer ought to be allowed the comfort of believing that this is the best of all possible governments, in the best of all possible worlds.

And as for the vote, we shall loyally continue to exercise the sovereign power of the free citizen. Free—that is, either not to vote at all, or to answer "yes" or "no" to the question, "Have you stopped beating your wife?"

ATTENTION CITY PLANNERS!

The usual four-o'clock in the afternoon tangle of cars near the Post Office had brought two to grief. Fenders were locked in a snag, because one car had slowed down to park in a crowded aisle, leaving too little room for other passage.

We leaped out of our own car, to pounce on a Council Member, and strike while the iron was hot. Here was a lesson in street widening for the City Planning Commission.

"Isn't this jam terrific?" we demanded. "And they happen every day. When will the Planning Commission put in a lick of real work, and untangle this?"

While our indignation fumed, Gus appeared, sauntered over to our car, and gave it a long, threatening, policemanly look. Then he put his hand in the pocket where he keeps his Official Notices.

Dodging the traffic, we sprang back across the street. "O Gus," we breathed prayerfully, "Not a ticket?"

"Next time you park at that angle from the curb . . "he thundered . . This street is TOO NARROW!"

Emile's Coffee Shop



SHORT ORDERS AND REGULAR FARE PREPARED BY CARMEL'S FIRST AND ONLY FRENCH CHEF

San Carlos near Ocean

NEVERTHELESS.

By Pauline Schindler

PROFOUNDLY does the communication of Rudhyar, through music and lecture, stir Carmel. His first coming moved us to uneasy stretching of minds and consciousness. The second startles us to broad awake.

This man has an enormous thing to tell. We discover suddenly that we have been living and experiencing as though upon some outer surface of life. The babe takes up his father's newspaper, holds it before him upside down, and solemnly supposes he is reading. Rudhyar's lectures discover to us that there is SOMETHING TO READ within the mechanism of life.

In his brilliant discussion of Musical Tonality on Monday evening at the residence of Mrs. Marguerite Schuyler, he contrasted the old modal music with the new, which he defined as psycho-spiritual.

"In the new," he said, "the score is not the music. The music is always IN PROGRESS OF BEING MADE. The main thing in music is that which is EMANATING OUT OF IT.

"The pianist is merely starting a chemical reaction in the hearer. The music is a seed at best, and has its meaning only in what it releases, the fulness of life, fulness of being. This fulness of tone produces a sort of halo, a gonging. To set the being into vibration through causing this corresponding fulness of tone in the hearer, that is the music."

In a place like Carmel something like the gathering of minds about Emerson at Concord can happen. . . Carmel the seeding-place of a philosophy.

A little town grows up, upon the common basis of a desire for life, simple and freed from false values. Conspicuous expenditure, the wasting of life-energies in unarriving rapid motions, as in cities, have somehow been forgotten here.

At gathering places—the theatre for instance—we wear what we please, evening dress or khaki, without shyness. At a party, some feet come clad in satin and sparkling buckles; others in Mexican sandals. If there were prejudice for or against any of these choices, wouldn't it be, in Carmel, for the simpler?

Our preference for dirt roads and lanes, to smooth concrete with its geometrized kerbing, is a symbol of a choice that goes deep down. In an age which has almost forgotten how to walk, we like still to stroll on a road thick at the edge with pine needles, on which the footfall is a soft thud, a touch with living earth, instead of a sharp efficient click.

Is it because we are a lap or two behind the movement of world-life that we like these ways common and sweet in the past? Or is it that we have found time to discover here inner springs, a quiet flood of thinking and experiencing, to which the other is a destructive interruption?

Along the street come two modern women. One has been through the fight for women's independence. And now it is won, she sparkles with individuality and style. With cosmopolitan grace she poises a cigarette in its long amber holder, between two vivacious ear-rings. It is a matter of course that her conversation is clever.

The other is in her early teens. In long blue overalls and a careless-looking white jersey, she jogs along on a slow horse. She looks to neither right nor left. Her consciousness is turned inward.

With her it is not a matter of course that her conversation be clever. For it is somehow evident that she has found something much more important than conversation: and that the outward show of things is nothing to her.

She is living nearer the center. Her generation is entering the discovery of new realities, and centering its being there.

Perhaps hers is the sort of magnificent detachment from which Robinson Jeffers wrote the following poem:

VICES

Spirited people make a thousand jewels in verse and prose, and the restlessness of talent

Runs over and floods the stage, or spreads its fever on canvas.

They are skilled in music, too, the demon is never satisfied, they take to puppers, they invent

New arts, they take to drugs . . . and we all applaud our vices.

Mine, coldness and the tenor of a stone tranquility; slow life, the growth of trees and verse,

Content the unagitable and somewhat earthfast nature.

GOSSIP OF THE GALLERIES

Fact, Fancy and Conjecture Gleaned in the Field of Art

THE F. LUIS MORA EXHIBITION REVIEWED BY ROBERTA BALFOUR

Decidedly restful and luxurious, after the hectic display of ultramodernism in the Bay cities, comes a last glance at the dignified and opulent exposition of F. Luis Mora's paintings at the Carmel Art Association Gallery. Meticulous to a degree, his portraits and composite groups of charming figures express the ultimate of conservative moderns, yet reach back in theme and treatment to Velasquez. They hold one's finer taste by their very complete compilation of detail, without organization of theme ac-

cording to the scientific knowledge of color consonances.

Born in Montevideo, Uruguay, Mr. Mora received his basic art education under Benson and Tarbell of the Boston Museum. The blending of Latin temperament and heritage with Anglo-Saxon training reflects uniquely in his work. In glancing over the chaste array of eleven paintings so judiciously hung, one feels a sudden reaction to coldness of color, sadness of faces and theme, in fact, a pathos carried out in all except the altogether lovely portrait of Patty Mora, the talented young daughter of his brother Jo Mora, of Carmel and Pebble Beach. This is the only picture done in the major key, and having a note of red, was popular with the visitors at the Gallery during the past two weeks of showing. A favorite was the decorative panel in which were grouped in Spanish setting of landscape several beautiful ladies in rhythmic, flowing gowns of shimmering silks, whose attendants bore fruits in trays and baskets, and a graceful hound stood apparently awaiting his master's coming.

Four of the instructors from the Sunset School brought their classes to visit the gallery and "The Wanderer" was the choice of these students. It is a symbolic picture of the Christ, resting under a shady bower in some garden where the children are drawn to listen to his story. Wistful wonder is beautifully portrayed in the backs and profiles of the children, and all are masterfully controlled in chiaroscuro. Another group, "In Goya's Time," was happier in vein. a gay party of guests gathered on the lawn with guitars and laughter. The "Aztec Girl" is staid in handling, but a broken color background relieves the severity of treatment. She has the only eyes which laugh. "Rosemary in Costume" is a masterly portrait of the artist's little daughter. I am told, in quaint Spanish gown to her feet. She is pushing with great dignity and solemnity her doll-buggy across a Navajo rug. "The Traveler from Gaylordsville" was a sad old man with much history to give out if you would listen. It is a strong piece of work, and as compelling in pathos as "The Peasants" for which, I am told, Mrs. Mora and their daughter posed. Whether intentional or not there are no high lights and minor key is used throughout. The eyes of all hold tragedies. Even Juanita, the flirt, turns in her chair under a deep green shade and is bored to tears at Juan's lugubrious music. There is a story with every picture, and while Mora is in no sense a mystic, he is moved by the spiritual side of nature to interpret the religious nuances. "Somewhere in Arizona," that splendid achievement of his art at the Pan-American two years ago, showed what he can do with primitives. For power and color it was not surpassed in that brilliant collection.

I would like to see his handling of such subjects as those chosen by Walter Ufer and Ernest Blumenscheim. Between El Pino and Anglada Y Camarasa I would place Luis Mora, for he has something which both might

absorb to advantage.

PALETTE SCRAPINGS

Three new members were added to the association, Burton S. Boundey, Monterey; Mrs. Mary Cooper, Pacific Grove; and Mr. Richard Taggart, of Altadena.

ARTIST'S DECALOGUE By Alberte Spratt

O GOD!

Give me the courage: To look the world in the face and say "Here It is; I have done my best-to You the verdict. Pigments, canvas, or marble-my faulty hands cannot portray the glory in my heart, the vision before me as I work. But here It is."

Give me the courage: To work on without a whimper. If for the time being this very callous, hard, hurrying, old world does not know I exist; or

knowing, hesitates a moment to tell me how rotten I am. Give me the courage: To accept Criticism. Swallow it. Hat it—and give no

sign. No alibis or self-justification.

Give me the courage: To be sincere, to give my best. If I must com-mercialize, to sell shoes or dish out groceries—not prostitute, and call it ART.

Give me the courage to make an effort to portray the strength withinand if there is nothing within to give of value—TO QUIT!

This, O GOD, is an artist's prayer.

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On Court and Field

AMERICAN LEGION PILGRIMAGE

Hundreds of Legionaires, their wives, sweethearts and families and friends will make the Monterey Peninsula their headquarters Saturday and Sunday, May 26-27, on the occasion of the first annual American Legion Pilgrimage to be held under the auspices of the Department of Calif-

State Commander Phil Dodson sends word that practically every post and auxiliary in Northwestern California will be represented at the Pilgrimage. Headquarters have been reserved at Asilomar and the Pilgrimage committee is making elaborate preparations for the entertainment of the visiting Legion members, under the direction of Chairman J. O. Wanzer, City Manager of Pacific Grove.

Features of the program will include a baseball game, dance, launch ride on Monterey bay, get-together dinner, motor trip around the famous 17-Mile Drive and golf for those who wish to enjoy the links sport on Del Monte and Pebble Beach courses.

SEVENTH ANNUAL LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

An unpredicted number of entries are pouring in for Del Monte's seventh annual Lawn Tennis Championships which will take place on Hotel Del Monte's famous courts May 25-27.

Kurt Berndt, Ray Casey, Dr. A. G. Rawlins, Dr. Carroll Jensen, Sol Dorman, Ed Randall, L. Driscoll and a score of others have been added to the entry list during the past few days.

Word from the south indicates that Midge Gladman, U. S. National Junior Champion, will be on hand, and that Caroline Schwartz will be her principal competition from the north.

Modesto Junior College will send a team of four men and many of the clubs from the interior of the state are also planning to send teams to the Del Monte event.

BENCH SHOW ENTRIES NUMEROUS

There will be between 300 and 400 entries in the fifth annual Del Monte Kennel Club Bench Show which will take place in the Hotel Del Monte grounds Saturday and Sunday, May 26-27.

A feature race between a thoroughbred horse and a whippet will conclude the program of Whippet races on the Del Monte Polo field track on Sunday afternoon, May 27.

ABALONE LEAGUE DOINGS

Last Sunday afternoon the League-leading Giants knocked over the Shamrocks-9 to 2-making their fourth straight game. Right now the Giants look like the best bet to cop the Pennant. They played great ball in all departments of the game-played smart baseball all the time.

The Tiger-Pirate contest turned out to be a slugging bee. The Pirates started out like a million dollars, scoring six runs during their turn at bat in the first half of the first inning; but the Pirates came right back at them and put ten runners over the pan, following with eleven more the next inning. The game was over as far as the Pirates were concerned. The final count as figured on various adding machines was: Tigers, 22; Pirates, 7.

Like Bill Farley takes a soiled suit and makes a dainty thing out of it the Crescents cleaned up the Reds to the tune of 11 to 5. It was a good game until the last man was put out. The Crescents have a good ball team and will win many games before the season is over.

At present the Giants look like sure winners, but in baseball, like politics, almost anything is likely to happen. Several teams have a chance to win yet, despite the Giants aidge. If the Giants win from the Crescents next Sunday they will have had the honor of defeating every team in the league once, and should be able to land first place without difficulty.

This coming Friday, May 25th, at 4:00 p. m., a picked team from the Abalone League will play a game with a selected team from the U.S. Tennis Stars. The fracas will take place on Abalone Field in Carmel Woods, and Jack Orcutt and Don Staniford will be on hand to umpire this special game.

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			Cent	
Giants		0	1,000	200
Crescents	2	1	.667	
Reds	2	2	.500	
Tigers	<u> </u>	2	.500	
Shamrock		3	.250	
Pirates	Ö	3	.000	

COMING NEXT WEEK - SEATS ON SALE FRIDAY

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